A Sleepy Morning

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A Sleepy Morning

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal is aiming for early morning sex before their toddler son wakes up. Will is sleepy but always receptive.

Inspired by this amazing art by Lyson/Lie Sin Pain

- Inspired by Love & Suicide by Lyson

“Will.” Hannibal spoke his husband’s name softly despite the intention to wake the man. He was sleeping soundly in their large bed, a vision surrounded by the white clouds of their bedding. Beautiful, as always.

Will grumbled, his eyes fluttering but not opening.

“Will.” A little firmer.

“What?” He moaned the word as he rolled onto his side, towards Hannibal. “I was sleeping.”

“Do you hear that?” Hannibal asked, a grin spreading across his face and heart swelling with love at the plume of sleep heavy scent that had arisen as the omega moved.

“I don’t hear anything.” Will grumbled into his pillow.

“Exactly.” Hannibal tried to contain his glee.

Will perked his head up, listening with the keen ears of a parent until he turned his dopey-sleepy smile to his alpha. “What time is it?”

“Seven.”

Will let out a delighted groan and stretched against him before rolling onto his back, hands above his head in the total relaxation of someone whose child was still sleeping at a reasonable hour.

“I looked in on him, I think we may have a half hour if we’re lucky.” Hannibal rumbled as he moved, settling between Will’s legs and nuzzling into his neck.

Will hummed his agreement, letting Hannibal spread his legs.

Hannibal was already hard just at the thought of this stolen time they had - the first in a while. And he knew Will missed being able to indulge in sleepy, slow morning sex as much as he did. It wasn’t something they got to experience quite as much these days.

“I’m overtired now, too much sleep.” Will mumbled, despite already being a little breathless. Hannibal felt his affections stirring despite the claim of tiredness. “You’ll have to do all the work.”

Hannibal growled against Will’s neck, mouthing over the now years old mating scar. He enjoyed relaxed and pliant Will just as much as the hungry Will that liked to slam him to the bed and ride him to completion.

“I’d be happy to.” Hannibal murmured, brushing his lips over Will’s skin as he slid his hand between them. He allowed his fingers to graze Will’s hardening length, pulling a happy hum from his husband.

Hannibal moved up onto an elbow and looked down at Will, the omega's eyes closed once more and a soft smile on his face. Hannibal leaned in and pressed his lips to Will's, enjoying the languid way that Will opened to him. Their tongues lightly caressed the other in a slow exploration that spoke of hours they didn't have.

Hannibal's hand encircled Will and gave two long strokes before venturing further down. He couldn't hold back the low groan of pleasure as he pressed two fingers inside his omega, to find him already wet.

Will returned the groan back into his mouth as Hannibal took his own cock in hand and lined himself up with the omega and pushed his hips forward. He slid in slowly, shifting to hold himself over Will as he brought their hips flush but for Will's leaking cock between them.

"Mmm." Will hummed again, completely reclined and relaxed beneath him, to use as he wanted.

He went slowly at first, gentle thrusts as he moved easily within Will. Until Will's hum turned a little pushy and he requested sleepily -

"Harder, Hannibal."

Hannibal rumbled a growl in his chest as he pressed himself closer, feeling the slack form beneath him, he began to thrust harder and deeper.

The little noises of pleasure that escaped Will, drove Hannibal on. Each one an encouragement to fuck him ever more roughly, whilst he lay pliant.

Hannibal panted Will's name against his throat, and then a string of endearments in any language that came to mind as his omega continued to elicit sounds of pleasure and need. He was letting out throaty little moans of pleasure on each thrust, until Hannibal was near cradling him and driving deep into him.

"Fuck me, alpha." Will moaned, arching against Hannibal.

Hannibal growled and moved back onto his knees, taking hold of Will's hips and pounding into him. Will's body rocked with each thrust, his eyes still closed as Hannibal found the perfect angle to spark that inner pleasure. His arms were still above his head and he seemed so utterly relaxed that Hannibal had to take pride in the fact that he could pleasure his mate this way. Will's cock had no friction at all - it merely bounced in the air on each thrust, precum leaking from the tip - yet Will sought no relief for it. Hannibal knew it wasn't altruistic - Will got as much pleasure from this as Hannibal did - enjoying internal stimulation as much as external.

Will's little peeps increased as his thrusts did, and then Hannibal watched with complete lust as his omega started to lose himself. Will's breathing became more erratic, his body slowly becoming rigid until he convulsed beneath Hannibal. Will's whole body spasmed with the strength of his climax - his body greedily pulling at Hannibal until his own orgasm crested and he spilled over his own stomach. Hannibal thrust through it, his knot swelling rapidly and

almost painfully as he restrained himself from pushing it into that undulating heat. Even so he came, an exquisite release into his beloved.

“Knot me.” Will growled, no longer pliant but reaching up to Hannibal. “Fuck, I want you to knot me so bad.” It was almost a sob as he dropped back onto the bed.

Hannibal went with him, feeling Will’s cum between them as he collapsed on top of his omega. Still hard within him and wanting to continue thrusting.

“I know… me too…”

Will chuckled against him and Hannibal joined in, thrusting slowly once more so that they could continue to enjoy some pleasure if not quite the one they both wanted. It was an old joke between them that was sometimes less funny than others - that Hannibal abatement time was too long, that it was pretty impractical now they had a child.

They were back in their first embrace, slowly rocking together until Hannibal shuddered and came again, his ample seed flowing lightly out of Will with no knot to stop it. They stilled then and remained snuggled together until Hannibal softened completely and withdrew.

It was but a moment later that they heard the bang of their toddler’s door opening and little feet running down the corridor to the living room. It would be a few short minutes before his toys were strewn everywhere, and ten - if they were lucky - before he demanded breakfast.

“Do you want to shower and-”

Will cut him off. “No, you go shower and see to breakfast. I’m going to hide in here as long as possible for a long deserved rest.”

“Deserved?” Hannibal jested as he moved off and allowed Will to wrap himself in the covers - soiling them instantly.

Will quirked a brow at him. “Hannibal, you just came twice and I didn’t even get knotted. Now, if you don’t mind, I’d like to lay here with my thighs all sticky, wrapped in the scent of you and savour it while I can.”

Hannibal shuddered, his cock even made a valiant effort to revive but couldn’t quite make it. Even so he growled and leaned in to nip at Will’s neck before getting off the bed and heading to the en suite.

He turned at the door, looking back to admire his perfect mate.

“When you do get up Will, please can you call your father and ask him when he would like to have a nice visit from his grandson… for a few days… or a week. Maybe two?”

He heard Will chuckle as he left the room, but knew that the omega would do just that. Possibly only for a weekend, but Hannibal would take it.

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